

Half-A-Mill, New Millennium

(Chorus)

All we do is get money and get real high
Push Benzes and 85 I's
New World Order, got ya ready to run and hide
New Millennium, we will survive
All we do is get money and get real high
Push Ranges and Benz Buggy I's
New World Order, got ya ready to run and hide
New Millennium, we will survive

(Half-A-Mill)

I see you stupid 'dro, still my brain cells never move slow
Toke calico, deep throat the baddest hoes
Niggas know my status quote, artistic
I draw a biscuit, unlike Michaelangelo, I'm the Noah of this thug shit
Flooded, everyday's another bucket get
I can't front, I love this shit
You missed the lies, now we push S5's on some other shit
Blowin another clip, some say they waitin for the mothership
I ain't debatin, cuz in heaven or hell, I tell God, I tell Satan
I'm all about money makin, on my job like a hundred Jamaicans
Runnin wit kingpins, who you gon rob
I send a squad to kill ya squad
Fuck ya thinkin, Firm niggas push Cadillac Jeeps,
Navigator Lincoln's
Global caught on my Motorola Mobile
Off the hook books like Barnes & Nobles
Street astrologist, heat communist, complete logic is
I got one goal, to put goal on the streets, where the projects is
We too strong to die, that's why we gotta live
Platinum doubt in the hottest whips

(Chorus)

(Half-A-Mill)

Mill Gates, better come somethin, droppin somethin
Catch me in the chopper stuntin
I'm a Yankee but Jamaican cook me esquire fish and hot dumplings
I rock ya Lennon suits with rocks
On the cufflinks, lie iller you
Curdiest Beck's, 850 I's, silver proof, imagine that
I used to sling crills for loot
Now I'm openin my money store like Phil Rezoot
Keep it here, dope from get money whores
Thought he enter the drawers
Lois Lane platinum chain, stretch range at the Source Awards
Awesome broads they carry proem and sawed-off
One shot'll take the whole top of your Honda Accord off
You small dog, you all lost
No wins, you fall off, and get hauled off in the trunk of my Benz
I smoke skunk, purple haze, twist it up
Mixed it up, hit the clutch, switched it up

(Chorus)

(Half-A-Mill)

I smoke purple haze and spit phlegm
Big Benz, forty inch rims, New York niggas got shit locked again
When the glocks pop, niggas need oxygen
Don't let me catch you slingin rocks on these blocks again
I got plots, I'm out to get a hundred thou time ten
You know my style dunn, I run with foul wild men
With public housin, up north, we be thuggin in the mountain
Out in the world, we guzzle Henny straight and no earl

Hustle weight, stab a half a cake on your girl, skatin thru states
Jets raidin the place, TV's screen big, DVD playin Scarface
Son, I'm God face, hard face
Smash you in the chest wit a sledgehammer till ya heart break
Wild out, my calico pop rounds out, my shots knock towns out
My whole block'll run up in your town house
I'm like so shocked, key the coke like Sosa
Pushin ski boat wit a chauffeur
Up the Hudson River, I got tons of guns and ones are split up
Niggas front, I got to fuck ya shit up

(Chorus 2X)